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# Old Books and New.

CONCERNING CATALOGUES.



THERE are bibliomaniacs and bibliophiles; those who are collectors of books, as Mme. Agar is a collector of playthings, and Mr. Lawrence Hutton of death-masks, and those who are book-lovers. To the profane the distinction is not clear, and there are men of great learning who confound the two terms; La Bruyère, who is col-

lecting characters for a book, calls a library a tannery, and Mr. Dana, who is a collector of vases of the Yanki period, calls a lover of books a bookmaniac. It is not right. They make their genuflexions in different temples, keep to their own congregations and make light of the others. Magog is for polished stone and calls Gog a barbarian; Gog is for stone that is not polished and says that Magog is a newcomer.

Sylvestre de Sacy does not mend matters. He says that "it is by way of a love for letters that one is to arrive at a love for books," which is equivalent to saying that it is by way of love for geography that one is to get to a love for postage-stamps. Now there are not many books that are better gifted than catalogues with the qualities of the book wherein Alfred the Great had caught a mania for learning. I cannot fancy a lover of literature becoming a bibliophile with a library formed of the one hundred books of Sir John Lubbock's list, but there is a catalogue of ten books that had been gathered (figuratively, of course, for the greatest book-lover is often without books) by Gabriel Peignot, and to make use of the tentative method, I shall quote it at length, making no doubt that those who would rather have the one hundred books of the list are out of the way of bibliolatriy.

No. I. is the "TITI LIVII," printed at Rome, about 1469, a folio of 411 leaves.

No. II. is "Voyage Pittoresque et Historique de l'Espagne," par M. Alexandre de Laborde, and a society of men of letters and artists of Madrid: Paris, Didot, 1807-1820. 4 vols. With plates and original drawings of the artists.

No. III. is the "Recuyell of the historyes of troyes," William Caxton, printer, 1471.

IV. Missal of the duke of Bedford. It had been made by order of the duke of Bedford to be presented to King Henry VI.

V. "Œuvres de Jean Racine": Paris, Didot (1801-1805) Firmin-Didot. 3 vols., fol., with 57 plates.

VI. "Biblia Sacra Latina." Manuscript of the great Alcuin that had been presented to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation at Rome (December 25, 800.)

VII. Bibliographical Dictionary, containing an historical account of all the engravings, by Jos. Strutt, London, 1785-86. The extraordinary interest of this copy is in the 8000 prints and portraits made by the artists therein mentioned.

VIII. "Victoires Conquêtes, désastres, etc.," of the French from 1792 to 1815 by a society of military men and men of letters: Paris, Pancoucke, 1816-1821. The vellum copy that the editor sold to King Charles X. of France.

IX. "Il Decamerone di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio" (Venetian), Christofal Valdefer, 1471.

X. "Les Lilacées," par Pierre Joseph Redouté (a celebrated flower-painter who died in 1840), the Empress Josephine bought the unique copy on vellum containing the original drawings of the artist.

I have omitted the prices that were paid for these books on purpose; although Peignot gives them, and the value in money is the crucial test in bibliography as well as elsewhere; they make a figure without them. No. VI., the Alcuin manuscript, may well make a boast of the price that it fetched at a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall in 1836. It was fifteen hundred pounds; and at that time books went a-begging. The Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable types, sold in 1847 for £500;

the latest quotation is £4000, and there are twenty-one copies of the Gutenberg Bible, two of which, by the way, are in New York. I say two—I am absolutely certain of only one, in Mr. Brayton Ives's collection; the other at the Lenox may be a dummy—one has only legendary evidence to the contrary. The first English catalogue appears to have been made by Maunsell in 1595. It is entitled "Catalogue of English Printed Rolls," and does not contain "the writings of papists, and libels against the government," which is a fault even for a first catalogue; but those that have stepped into Maunsell's shoes have found themselves in seven-league boots, and have gone at large, and have gathered all the things that are casually spelling the word *ac* by way of leading in the van.

The first French catalogue made its appearance in 1666. It is due to Michel de Marolles, who was a print-collector and had a rage for classifying. Until then there were inventories only—and once in a blue moon—a fact that will ever give pain to the admirers of the prince of bibliophiles, Grolier, out of whose library of three thousand volumes, Mr. Leroux de Lincy could only find three hundred and fifty to put in the catalogue of Grolier's books that was published in 1866, after years of patient research. Five of them appeared in the catalogue of the Comte d' Hoym (1738). The Comte was an ambassador of the King of Poland to the court of France and is forgotten as a diplomat. His coat of arms on the cover of a book is a mark of merit and makes the book invaluable; and he hung himself in a little inn near Dresden as if he had been the commonest mortal. The best part of his collection was bought at auction by the Duc de la Vallière, and the Duke became an insatiable collector of books, purchasing a number of small libraries, transferring to his palace the precious collection of Mr. Jackson, His Majesty's consul at Leghorn, who had gathered the books of Joe Smith, the English consul at Venice, and of the Marquess Capponi, whose books came from the great libraries of Medici and Sozomene de Pistoja. There were manuscripts of Cicero and Pythagoras, of Dante and Diodorus of Sicily, and innumerable first editions of classics, that the time-honored bibliophile prayed upon, until the Duke had engaged the services of a librarian who turned out to be a real watch-dog, l'Abbé Rive. L'Abbé Rive set his teeth at the door of his master's library and kept at a distance the well-wisher who had to say that it might be well to make a present to the King, whose books were being catalogued by Van Praet; and the tutelary genius who came to suggest that duplicates and minor classics were deadwood. It may be true that l'Abbé Rive abused his privilege to be impertinent, atrabilious and unbearable, but then, he had to be so, and I for one, am not in sympathy with those who like to point to his faults and make fun of his spelling, for if he wrote "catalog" and "orthograpy," it wasn't on purpose. It was not while l'Abbé Rive was on guard that a sale was made of duplicates that were not all duplicates, with an entry in the catalogue of, "Gulliver's Travels" under the heading of "Travels in America." The first part of the collection that was catalogued in 1783, in three volumes, contained 5668 articles which brought when sold in 1784, £464,677. There never had been so many great books in a private collection, except, perhaps, in Heber's.

The second part of the collection, catalogued in 1788, in six volumes, went entire to the Marquis of Paulmy, from him to the Comte d'Artois, and thence to the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, where dwelt in later years as in a bibliophile's paradise, Paul Lacroix, who was more than a well of science, an ocean of indulgence.

Many bibliophiles possess marked catalogues of the first sale, with the names of the buyers, but these names reveal nothing, and it is necessary to know that Béjot was buying for the King of France; Mérigot, for the Count Rewiczky, whose great library was afterward purchased by Dibdin for Lord Spencer; Chardin, for M. Firmin-Didot; the Abbé Strattman, for the Imperial Library at Vienna; Molini, for the Laurentian Library; and Payne, the celebrated English bookseller, for Mr. Greenville, Lord Spencer and the Duke of Roxburgh. There is not a more interesting or instructive catalogue than that of Lord Spencer's library, the "Bibliotheca Spenceriana," made by Dibdin; an expensive work, but well worth acquiring. Dibdin, though it pleased him to laugh at his folly, did his best to make book-madness a malady of distinction. Not popular, for Dibdin's books were too costly to fall into the hands of those born within sound of Bowbells, and herein lies the great difficulty—the text-books are too dear. A book-hunter cannot make a step without Brunet's "Manuel du Libraire;" it is the bibliophile's "Blackstone," and the last edition in six volumes, six

thousand copies of which were issued, is not easily found and does not cost less than \$75. The investment is a good one, and ought to be made, even to the exclusion of every other manual, unless one awoke to find himself a maniac on the one subject of books printed in the fifteenth century, incunabula, and then it would be necessary to procure the Annals of Panzer, of Mattaire, or of Laserna Santander; and if the mania be limited to first books, the "France Littéraire au XV<sup>e</sup> siècle," of Gustave Brunet, or, better still, the catalogue modestly entitled "Titles of the First Books from the Earliest Presses" of that excellent bibliophile, General Rush C. Hawkins. Brunet's Manual is indispensable for books that are anterior to the eighteenth century. It gives their pedigree, and the chronology of their masters and their value in francs. But as for that, one has to multiply prices by the number of years oftener than is pleasant or acceptable. Brunet is so thorough that there are men who are in high feather when they disinter some book that he has not noted, and there are men who take it into their heads to get books that are not in Brunet, but they, even more than others, need Brunet's Manual. Possibly, Brunet has never been praised as he deserved, for who is to know the difficulties in the way of a perfect catalogue, who has never had to evolve the fact that a schoolmaster of Saint-Dié, Waldseemüller, the first to give the name of America to the New World of Columbus, called himself when he wrote, Hylacomylus, and that such tricked out names as Giovanni Vittorio de Rossi, Johannes Victorius de Rubeis, and Janus Nicius Erythreus are all one.

For the eighteenth century, Henry Colven's "Guide de l'Amateur de Vignettes" is the great catalogue; the great books of the eighteenth century in France not being for the bibliophile, who belongs to no party; the "Encyclopédie" or the "Contrat Social," or the "Dictionnaire Philosophique," but the books that Eisen and Moreau and Gravelot and Boucher adorned. Lowndes's Manual will have to be the text-book for England, and Harris's "Bibliotheca America Vetustissima" for young America with its aggravating "The Bay Psalm Book," printed by Stephen Daye at Cambridge, N. E., 1640, that you may behold through a glass-case at the Lenox Library. This is the age of cataloguing: Quaritch, in London, Ludwig Rosenthal, in Munich, Morgand, in Paris, and three or four booksellers here, publish catalogues at regular intervals that may be had gratis. The catalogues of the auction-rooms are sent to all book-lovers, and are supplemented by enterprising newspapers, as in the case of the Henry C. Murphy sale of Americana by printed lists of prices. There are also published catalogues of private collections that are not auction catalogues, the greater number privately printed, therefore not within reach of the laical, and twice precious, in the crowd of which is to be distinguished a charming little book entitled "A Choice Collection of Books from the Aldine Press in the Possession of . . ." the work, and (to tell tales out of school to the end) the property of Mr. Wm. L. Andrews.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

## GOGOL'S MASTERPIECE.

IT is easy to understand, after reading "Taras Bulba," even in the English version, by Isabel F. Hapgood (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), the secret of the great literary success of Nicolai Gogol, the father of the romantic school of Russian literature. The translation is very readable, but in perusing it one cannot help feeling, especially in the rough Cossack dialogues, that it must lack much of the native force of the original. It is strong enough, though, in its narration of the barbarous heroism of the Zaporog Cossacks, to stir to the very soul the unsympathetic reader of a world which was unknown, even by name, to the picturesque robbers of three centuries ago, whose exploits it records; how strong, then, must be the original, appealing as it does to the national spirit and national prejudices of the vast Russian people! At the opening of the story, we find Taras Bulba, a gigantic Cossack, welcoming home his two sons just returned from the divinity school, but he chaffs them so unmercifully about their long robes and their peaceful occupations that Ostap, the elder, turns up his sleeves and proceeds to pummel his sire with great vigor, and the sire returns the attack with equal spirit. After the fight, which is witnessed by the poor mother with fear and trembling on account of the "children"—neither of whom, by the way, is far from seven feet high—Taras kisses the son whose courage and strength he has just tested, and rudely rallies Andrii, the younger one, on his gentleness. But there is something much worse in store for Andrii. After an affecting parting from their mother, who is brutally treated by Taras, the young men depart with him to flesh their maiden swords on the Polish borders, which the bandit Zaporogs are accustomed to invade from time to time, and in their incursions, with true Cossack ferocity, spare neither woman nor child. While Andrii was at the divinity school he fell madly in love with a beautiful Polish lady, who, however, only made sport with the young savage, as she held him to be. Now, while he and his kinsmen lie outside Dubno, which the Cossack army is besieging, an old Tartar woman employed by the Polish lady comes in her mistress's name to beg a little bread, for there is a famine in the beleaguered city. Andrii persuades her to let him accompany her, so that he may see once more the woman he loves. He goes with her and is induced to join the enemies of his people. As he is leading a charge at the head of a squadron of Polish cavalry, his father sees him and sends out men to provoke him into leaving his troop. They succeed, and he is decoyed into the presence of Taras, when there

is a terrible scene, which ends in his father killing him in cold blood, he offering no resistance. Ostap covers himself with glory, but he is captured at last, with other Cossacks, and is taken to Warsaw, where he is broken on the wheel in the sight of his father, who, at the risk of his life, has bribed one Yankel, a Jew, to conduct him there in disguise so that he may see Ostap before he dies. After witnessing the young man's tortures, borne with stoical fortitude, Taras, seizing his arms, rushes off, making, as he says, a terrible "funeral mass" in honor of his son. But the old Cossack is taken and burned alive; yet even in his death agonies his spirit is unbroken, and he shouts words of warning and encouragement to his brother Cossacks whom he sees rushing into the ambush prepared for them by the enemy.

#### MEDITATIONS OF A PARISH PRIEST.

UNDER this title we are given "Pensées" of one Joseph Roux, a rustic French savant, who, though in his fiftieth year, was only discovered by chance, not long ago, by Paul Marieton, himself a poet, but now best known as the literary sponsor of the good "curé." "Oh, the irksomeness of writing alone, of correcting alone," he pens in his diary, "who listens to me, who counsels me, who encourages me?" And then there appears on the scene the warm-hearted Mr. Marieton, who cultivates the friendship of the curé, rescues his wise sayings from oblivion, and makes the world, as well as the curé, his grateful debtor.

The volume before us, handsomely printed by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., is a "translation from the third French edition, by Isabel F. Haggood," which, on the whole, is very well done. Occasionally, however, a slip makes nonsense of a pithy utterance, like that concerning Voltaire, who is credited with "the spirit of a courtier and the heart of a courtesan." "Courtisan" in French—there is no such word in English—means "courtier." "Courtisane," which, doubtless, is the word used by the curé, is something quite different.

A few paragraphs, quoted at random from the book, will give a fair idea of the general contents. Of Jules Janin we read: "He writes; afterward he thinks." Here are a few of his aphorisms: "Science is for those who learn; poetry for those who know." "A fine quotation is a diamond on the finger of a man of wit and a pebble in the hand of a fool." "The punishment of licentious writers is that no one will read them or confess to having read them." This one is not so true as one might wish it to be. Again: "Every woman who writes immodestly lives in the same way." What would "Ouida" say to that? Let us quote one more paragraph: "The poet, the artist, the saint, say incessantly 'Again! higher!' The *beyond* attracts them ever. What they hold is little to them. The anguish which they suffer marks, if it does not measure the happiness which they long for, and they struggle and lament and strive and tax their ingenuity for the love of that shore 'further on' of which Virgil speaks: 'ripæ ulterioris amore.'"

#### LITERARY NOTES.

WELL-WORN ROADS, by F. Hopkinson Smith, a chatty narrative of personal experiences, illustrated with numerous full-page photogravure reproductions of water-color drawings made by him in recent tours through France, Holland and Spain, and many spirited head and tail sketches in pen-and-ink, is likely to prove one of the most popular holiday books of the season. It is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who also bring out THE TILE CLUB BOOK, the letter-press of which, too, is by Mr. Smith, who seems to be as ready and entertaining with his pen as he is with his brush. The cover, designed by Stanford White, is pleasing, and, we need hardly add, original. The "Book" itself, abounds in photogravures of paintings by the "Tilers," and pen and pencil drawings made by them especially for the occasion. Some of the "Tilers" are honored by having their faces presented to the reader, and the mystery of such queer cognomens as "The Owl," "Polyphemus," "The Terrapin," "The Horsehair," and "The Griffin," to which we have been accustomed, is dissipated forever by the publishers "giving away" their identity to an anxious, and, we trust, not ungrateful public.

THE FIGARO SALON, for 1886 (received from W. R. Jenkins, 850 Sixth Avenue), comes in five parts, all crowded with illustrations beautifully printed on heavy paper. When we say that it contains, together with some charming pictures, too many pictorial representations of historical horrors and studio nudities, we only say that it gives a very fair idea of the general impression left on the memory by the exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie itself this year. The subjects of some of the great canvases seem more interesting when seen here reduced to the size of a mere illustration, gaining by concentration of effect, like something viewed through the wrong end of a telescope; while those of others, like Benjamin Constant's immense picture over the chief staircase, lose what little interest they had as mere decorations. One of the most charming of the illustrations is the full-page devoted to the "Portrait of a Lady," by Jules Lefebvre, which gained him the first medal of honor. Mr. Harrison's "Arcadia" shows the nymphs, with all the bad drawing of the originals and without, of course, the charm of the woodland landscape to redeem the artist's unfortunate mistake in venturing into an unfamiliar domain. The illustrations, all made by the autotype photographic process, show too plainly, sometimes, the limits to which it can be used to advantage. For paintings of delicate treatment in the originals, depending largely on the subtle relation of values for their success, the resources of wood-engraving affording an exquisite variety of tints, would certainly have furnished more satisfactory results.

THE CHALDEAN MAGICIAN, by Ernst Eckstein, is the short story of an adventure in Rome in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. The reader who would while away an hour on the train may take up this little volume and learn how the mystic influence of Olbasanus was exerted for his friend Bononius, and how, in consequence, Lucius Rubilius came to abandon his suit for the hand of the fair Hero and fell in love instead with the dark-eyed Lydia. Mary J. Safford makes an excellent translation of the story from the German, and the enterprising William S. Gottsberger brings out the volume well printed and strongly bound.

The second issue of THE OLDEN TIME SERIES (Ticknor & Co.), which consists of gleanings chiefly from old newspapers of Boston and Salem, selected and arranged, with brief comments by Henry M. Brooks, is devoted to "the days of the spinning-wheel in New England."

MISFITS AND REMNANTS are all capital short sketches of New York city life, which seem, in part, at least, to have been contributed originally to some newspaper or newspapers by "L. D. Ventura" and "S. Shevitch," presumably reporters, although, with considerable knowledge of the personnel of New York journalism, the present writer fails to recognize the names, which, however, may be assumed. The "Herr Baron," who is discovered officiating as a waiter in a cheap German restaurant, reminds us of a similar episode in "As it Was Written," although it was probably printed before that clever brochure, by "Sidney Luska," had seen the light.

GENIUS IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW, by M. M. Ballou, is the unattractive title of an attractive volume for those who would pick it up and dive into its pages at odd moments. It is little more than a "commonplace book" of incidents and anec-

dotes of famous men and women, in its opening chapters reminding us of Samuel Smiles's "Self-Help," but it is without the excellent purpose of that admirable work. The opinions of Mr. Ballou, indeed, are not valuable, as may be gathered from his naïve remark concerning Albert Dürer. That artist, he tells us, was famous in his day and there are still people who admire his work; but Mr. Ballou tells us that for his part, he fails to see or find anything to admire in it. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

ST. JOHN'S EVE, AND OTHER STORIES, from "Evenings at the Farm," and "St. Petersburg Stories," by Nikolai V. Gogol, is the second of the admirable series of the romantic writings of the great Russian novelist, issued by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., who, we need hardly remind the reader, have done much toward making us familiar in this country with the strange folklore of the Ukraine. "Taras Bulba," a tragic story of Cossack robber warfare, was the first of the series, "Dead Souls" will be the next.

A SET of four pretty booklets (SONGS AND SKETCHES) devoted respectively to the four seasons, just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., have been "produced and printed" by Ernest Nister, of Nuremberg, with the same care in the lithography as marks the books for children previously noticed. The illustrations in these, however, are in monochrome, only the pictures on the covers being in colors. Each collection is neatly encased in a decorated envelope, making a suitable little souvenir for the holidays at a trifling expense.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE POETS is the general title of a series of dainty little portfolios of etchings by W. B. Closson, brought out by L. Prang & Co., of Boston. The first set, devoted to Longfellow, gives the poet's portrait, autograph, and views of his birthplace, Cambridge residence, the Wayside Inn, and the Charles River.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL is brought out in handsome style as a holiday book by Ticknor & Co., with drawings by W. St. John Harper, E. H. Garrett, F. Myrick, F. T. Merrill and L. S. Ipsen, which are engraved—excepting, of course, the pen drawings, photographically reproduced in facsimile—by A. V. S. Anthony (who supervises the whole book), by John Andrew & Son, H. E. Sylvester, H. W. Lyonos and G. E. Johnson. If the illustrations are somewhat conventional in conception—as, to be frank, we find them to be—they are at least innocuous and will not rudely divert the attention of the lover of Sir Walter from the pleasant flow of the text. The pictorial headings, tail-pieces and false titles are designed in good taste and are very neatly executed; the paper, type and press-work are excellent, and the binding is neat and appropriate.

SIR PERCIVAL, by J. H. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," is a doleful and decidedly thin story without any moral in particular, although the tone of the book is moral to the verge of cant. Constance Lisle, the heroine, who is very religious, falls in love with Sir Percival Massarene, but he becomes engaged to Virginia, her cousin, who is not religious at all; indeed, she is aggressively agnostic, and has the bad taste to thrust her views on the Duke and Duchess of Cressy and De la Pole, whose guest she is. Virginia expiates her sinful views on the subject of religion by dying of a malignant fever which she catches by visiting a poor, lone old woman. Constance accompanies her to the cottage, but prudently keeps out of danger. "I had no right," she remarks, complacently, "to assume equality with her (Virginia) on this errand of mercy." After Virginia's death, Sir Percival proposes to Constance, who refuses him, however, although she loves him still. He thereupon goes to Egypt, but failing to die there, he gets himself appointed to an unhealthy post on the African gold coast, where he has better luck and succumbs to the jungle fever. And that is about all there is to the story. Macmillan & Co.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

OF all the children's books of the year Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY will easily hold the first place. Years ago in St. Nicholas—where this story originally appeared—we came upon a sketch by Mrs. Burnett narrating an interview between a burglar and a little girl who had accidentally surprised him in her father's study, and thought it showed wonderful insight into a child's mind. It seemed to us that such a sympathetic writer, with her uncommonly winning and simple style, could, if she took the pains to do so, produce the best children's story of the day; and in our opinion Mrs. Burnett has really done this in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." No one, be the reader child or adult, can fail to love the dear, curly-headed little American, and heartily sympathize with him when, after various mishaps, he is finally installed in Dorincourt Castle with "Dearest," as he calls his mamma, and the grim old earl, his grandfather. More than ordinary praise is due to Mr. R. B. Birch for his illustrations, which are thoroughly admirable, whether they appear in facsimile of his graceful pen drawings or in the well cut wood blocks which the publishers (The Century Company) have provided with lavish generosity. He has evidently entered thoroughly into the spirit of the story. We can think of no one else who could have done the work so well.

FOR children of smaller growth than those for whom "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is intended, E. P. Dutton & Co. bring out a series of Christmas books, which are to be very highly commended for the attractiveness of their illustrations, many of which in each volume are printed in colors in the most artistic manner, by Ernest Rister, of Nuremberg. "Christmas Roses," one of these, has ten charming pictures in colors by Lizzie Lawson, besides many others in monochrome. "Around the Clock," another of the series, is about twice the thickness of that just mentioned, and is proportionately attractive. There must have been some careless work in the bindery to account for the duplication of four pages and the corresponding omission of a like number. The frontispiece, a most delicate water-color vignette, with wild flowers that seem to live, and bees that really seem to buzz, bears the name of Harriett M. Bennett. The verses by R. E. Mack, as in "Christmas Roses," and UNDER THE MISTLETOE, are sometimes very clever, but they are, as a rule, we think, quite above the comprehension of little children.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE, published by Scribner & Welford, is of the same character as the foregoing; but the excellent color work is by Hildesheimer & Faulkner, of London and New York, well-known printers of holiday cards. The pictures by Jane M. Dealy, a popular English water-color artist, include some exquisitely quaint representations of Dutch child life.

WORTHINGTON'S ANNUAL (Worthington Co.) is a big, attractive volume full of short stories in prose and verse, scraps of biography and descriptions of scenery, all printed in large clear type, such as children like, and it is abundantly illustrated with wood-cuts. Alternate pages are printed in brown ink and there are many flaming colored plates which candor compels us to say it would have been better to have omitted.

GINEVRA, a Christmas Story, by Susan E. Wallace (Worthington Co.), is a prose version of the old tale of the beautiful young bride who, on Christmas eve and her wedding night, playfully hiding from her husband in an old oaken chest, is buried alive by the falling of the heavy lid with its great spring lock. Samuel Rogers's well-known rendering of the story in

"The Mistletoe Bough" is given at the end of the book, with a rather unfortunate reproduction of an old steel plate portrait of the poet. The other illustrations are by General Lew Wallace.

## Treatment of the Designs.

#### THE COLORED PLATE—"IN DREAMLAND."

THIS charming study, by Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, will be found extremely valuable to those especially interested in the legitimate study of water-color paintings, and may also be utilized in many decorative ways to good advantage. The following directions are for an exact copy of the original in transparent colors. The paper used should be the best quality of rough French or English water-color paper. The colors may be those of Winsor & Newton, or first-class American manufacture. For brushes, select first one which is large, flexible, and quite dark in color. The light-toned camel's-hair brushes are equally good, but very expensive. For small details, however, and in finishing, it is necessary to use small, pointed camel's-hair brushes.

First sketch in lightly the general features of the composition, using a stick of charcoal sharpened to a fine point. After this, begin by washing in the general tone of the background. Use for this lamp-black, a little cobalt, yellow ochre, and madder lake. In the darker touches add a little burnt Sienna, and raw umber. Use plenty of water, and let the wash flow sometimes, so as to form the natural outline of the object, where it comes in contact with the background. The chair, which is of black walnut, or some similar dark wood, is painted with sepia and burnt Sienna in the local tones, adding lamp-black, and a touch of cobalt in the shadows. The high lights are left bare, or may be taken out afterward with blotting-paper. For the crimson cushions, use rose madder, yellow ochre, lamp-black, and raw umber, adding burnt Sienna in the shadows, and a very little cobalt in the half-tints. The reddish gold hair is washed in at first with general tones of light and shade, using yellow ochre, light red, raw umber, and a little lamp-black. In the deeper shadows, add burnt Sienna, and in the half-tints and high lights use a little cobalt. The flesh is most delicate in its general tone and should be very carefully managed. Begin by washing over the whole surface of both face and hands with a local tone made with yellow ochre and rose madder, with a very little cobalt and lamp-black. The delicate greenish half-tints are made with cobalt, yellow ochre, a very little lamp-black, rose madder, and light red. For the shadows, use raw umber, lamp-black, light red, yellow ochre, rose madder, and a touch of cobalt. Paint the lips with rose madder, light red, and vermilion, shaded with raw umber, and a very little lamp-black. The white drapery is very delicate in its shading, and should be very carefully copied. Wash in first a general tone, made with lamp-black, yellow ochre, cobalt, rose madder, and burnt Sienna. In the shadows, add more burnt Sienna, and in the half-tints use more cobalt. Leave the high lights clear, and afterward wash a slight tone over them if necessary. The blue drapery is painted with Antwerp blue, yellow ochre, rose madder, and raw umber, adding lamp-black and burnt Sienna in the shadows.

The red edges of the book are painted with light red, rose madder, yellow ochre and sepia, with a little cobalt, and lamp-black added in the half-tints and shadows.

#### THE CHINA-PAINTING DESIGNS.

PLATE 563 is a design for a vase—"Narcissus." For the flowers leave the white of the china, shading with gray and outlining with dark gray or black. Paint the cup-like centres of the flowers yellow edged with red and shaded with brown green. Put the red directly upon the china and not over the yellow. For the brownish covering of the flower-stalk next the flower use dark brown rather than black. For the leaves and stalks use emerald green, adding brown green for the shading and outlining. Use a clouded background, either deep blue green, or deep red, shading into brown green at the base, or yellow brown clouded with darker brown. The handles, upper rim and base may be like the background, or they may be painted brown or black. The petal border is white, slightly shaded where the edge turns over and outlined like the flowers. The design is for one half the vase, repeating on the other side. The vase form selected for illustration is one of the shapes that come in ivory white ware. The design may be used for other shapes in the same ware, as the Tokio and lamp vases, by spreading the flowers and lengthening the stems.

Plate 564 gives oak-leaf designs for an oatmeal set. Use brown green for the oak leaves, lightened with mixing yellow where lighter and brighter green is desired. Shade with brown green. Add a little yellow brown to brown green for the stems of the leaves, also add this coloring to the edges of some of the leaves. To brown green and yellow brown add a little brown, No. 17, for the acorns, shading the acorn-cups with brown, No. 17 alone. Use yellow brown shading with brown, No. 17 for the branches. If autumnal coloring is preferred, use yellow brown, shaded with the same, and a little brown green added for a few of the leaves. Carnation and a little brown added may be used for others, shaded with the same, and violet of iron shaded with the same for still darker reds. Bands of yellow brown may be placed where indicated in the design. Outline the leaves, stems and acorns with deep purple and brown No. 17, mixed.

#### THE BIRDS (page 16).

THIS suggestive little design, originally painted in oils on a tambourine, may be used for a variety of decorative purposes, such as a sachet, toilet-cushion, or handkerchief-bag. It should be treated in a simple, sketchy manner, without any further attempt at detail or finish than is suggested in the engraving. Make the background a medium shade of warm blue gray, suggesting the effect of a dark, cloudy sky. The birds are light and dark brown, qualified with gray, and having warm light yellow tones on the breast and head which shade into red with brownish shadows.

#### THE BUTTERFLIES (page 16).

THESE pretty and original designs, although intended primarily for menu cards, may be modified for the decoration of a variety of small articles where an initial is needed. Embroidered or painted on a fan, sachet, card-case, handkerchief, or glove-case, etc., they will be found particularly effective. The color may be, of course, varied to suit the especial effect required. A few hints are here given, however, in regard to their general coloring. The smallest insect will be very delicate in two shades of purple, with iridescent touches in the wings; the initial to be in silver. Make No. 2 red and brown with bronze initial. No. 3 may be dark pink and soft gray with greenish bronze initial. For No. 4 use velvety black and orange yellow markings, with pale gold initial. For this one also make the upper wings deep azure blue shading into lighter and warmer blue, and thence into salmon pink in the lower wings. The lettering is to be in pale lemon yellow bronze, or light gold.